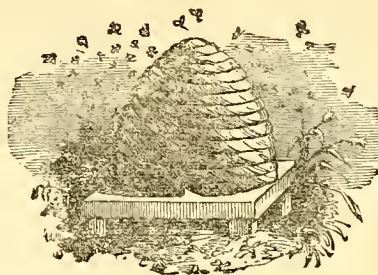


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1867.

NO. 17.

PROPHETS AND THEIR DIFFICULTIES.

IN every age, in every land where men have not known the true God, they have ever sought to destroy those whom He sent to them with the message of His mercy. The reason is this; the evil one has always striven to keep mankind in ignorance of the ways of the Lord, and he has known no better plan than to stir up the hearts of men in hatred and anger towards those who sought to teach them the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is no matter where we look, it is ever the same. If we turn to the mighty powers of ancient days; to the nations to whom the apostles of Jesus carried their message of glad tidings, to the history of the Nephites and Lamanites on this land, or come home to the church of God to-day, we shall find the annals of almost every nation stained with the blood of martyred apostles and prophets or other servants of God.

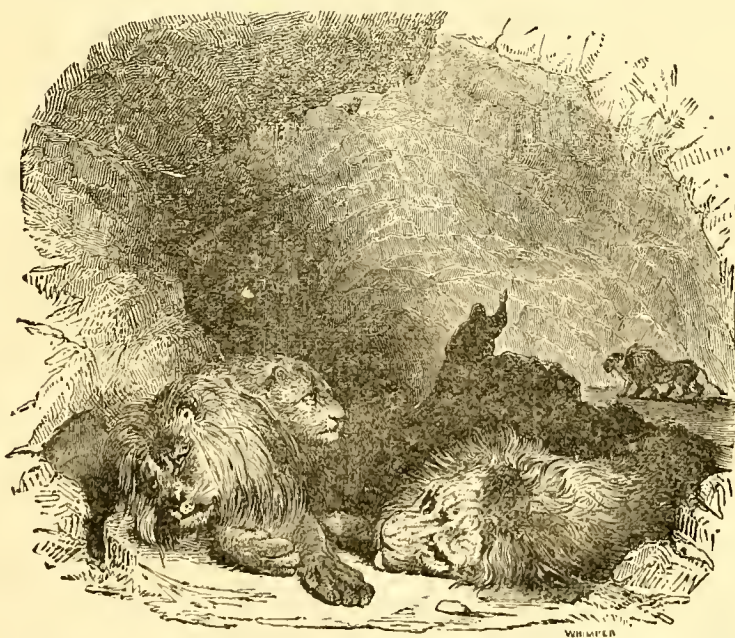
But it is not always that Jehovah, the Lord, will permit wicked men to slay his servants. Sometimes these servants have plead with him in mighty faith and prayer to save them from their enemies, and he has stretched forth his hand in power and they have been saved. At other times they had not finished the work God had set them to do, and he preserved them in the midst of death and destruction, peril and trouble, until they had ended their mission, and then he took them to himself. Shall we name you some instances? Do you not recollect reading in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of how God sent ravens day by day to feed the prophet Elijah when he was driven into the wilderness by the wicked king Ahab, and how He thus wonderfully preserved his life until he could return in safety to his home. The Lord called these ravens to do his will; they understood their mission, and performed it.

Then, again, do you remember how the Lord saved the infant Moses from being killed when Pharaoh sent forth the cruel decree that every male child born in Israel should be slain. The

Lord had a work for Moses, and Pharaoh could not prevent its being done. You have read how his mother made an ark of bulrushes which she floated on the river Nile, until one day Pharaoh's daughter found the pretty Israelitish boy, loved him, and adopted him as her son.

Have you forgotten how king Nebuchadnezzar put three of the Hebrews, whose names were Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah, into the fiery furnace, and they were not hurt, not having even the smell of fire about them, while the king's soldiers who threw them into the fire were killed by its intense heat. Why

were these three men sentenced to so cruel a death, and why did the Lord thus preserve them? Because this king had set up an idol on a certain plain, and decreed that all men should bow down to it. These three would not bow down to an image. They bowed down to none other than the God of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. But God was greater than the king. He could control the earth, the sea, the fire, and all the works of His hands. So he sent unto them one like unto His Son, and He and the three Hebrews walked unharmed in the midst of the



raging flames. Thus did God exert his power in the hour of their greatest need, as they had been faithful to him in their lives.

Have you not heard, children, of the apostle John being cast into a caldron of boiling oil, and that it did not scald him. Jesus had promised him that he should live until He himself returned to earth, and men could do nothing to make that word null and void. His life was sure; their efforts were vain. He still lives to do the will of his Friend and Savior Jesus.

But what does our picture represent? It is Daniel in the lion's den. He has been thrown there because he dared to pray to the Lord three times each day, when the king of Babylon had decreed that for thirty days all men were to cease praying

to their gods. Israel was in bondage then to the Babylonians, that is the reason Daniel was there. Daniel was a great man in that kingdom, and many of the princes and lords were jealous of him. So, knowing he would obey God rather than man though it cost him his life, they cunningly persuaded the king to issue this command, for the king did not think of Daniel when he issued the law. The prophet continued to pray as usual. These lords then told the king, and desired that Daniel might be slain. This the king was very unwilling to do, as he loved him and did not wish to take his life. Still the lords persisted, and at last the king gave his consent. Daniel was cast into the den: but God closed the mouths of the lions and they did not offer to touch him. The next morning the king went very early to the cave, and great was his joy when he found the animals had not eaten the prophet. Then he took those princes who had accused Daniel, and, with their families, east them into the den. Were they saved? No. The lions being very hungry at once tore them to pieces and ate them up. Thus did God control the natures of these lions to save his prophet, and thus did those wicked men come to the destruction they had striven to bring on Daniel.

Shall we now go to the Book of Mormon? Like the Bible, it is filled with records of God's preserving care over his servants when their enemies tried to slay them. Have you ever read of the four sons of king Mosiah, named Ammon, Aaron, Omner and Himni, who went and preached the gospel to the Lamanites? Of Nephi and Lehi the sons of Helaman, who in after years went on the same mission? Of Alma and Amulek? of Nephi? of the Twelve Apostles of the Lamb? of Mormon? of Moroni? of many other servants of God whose lives are written in that sacred book? Have you read, how God palsied the arms of their enemies? how he rent prison walls that they might go free? how he surrounded them with fire and with the glory of God? If you have not, read that history, little ones. The lives of these great and good men are written by the spirit of revelation, much better than I can tell you, and in much more detail than I have room to, did I wish to undertake the task.

Do you wish to learn of God's preserving care over his children in this age? Read the history of Joseph and other articles now being published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. They are replete with the tokens of God's goodness, mercy and power; and if you wish to share his loving-kindness remember to "Trust in God and do what is right." G. R.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

A COLD JOURNEY--A MISSIONARY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

[CONCLUDED.]

WE are still twenty miles from Rotterdam, but conclude to leave in the ship's boat, that is going on shore for supplies. As we lower ourselves down the ship's side we think of the poor artist and his poor sickly wife who had scarcely eaten a mouthful since coming on board, and now there are no provisions left. We regret our inability to assist them, our sympathy must therefore remain unexpressed. With a feeling of relief we step into the boat and leave the ill-starred *Bruijer*. Picking our way through the masses of floating ice, we land on the southern shore of the broad bay which forms the mouth of the river. We have the pleasure of setting our feet on the continent of Europe—the ground is covered with about six inches of snow. Shouldering our luggage a brisk walk of about three miles brings us to the town of Brielle. Here every one speaks French. As we approach the town from the country side, carrying our blankets and carpet-sacks our appearance

does not flatter us. We inquire the road to Rotterdam, and in reply are conducted to the mayor's office. The mayor examines our passports, which fortunately are made out in French. After some delay we are sent to the custom house, where our portmanteaus are examined, when we are permitted to proceed on our journey. Ascertaining that we must cross the mouth of the river we apply at the ferry house for a boat. They point across to what proved to be an island, and bring out an ice boat. Showing them a shilling they inform us how many it will cost, which having agreed to pay, we are ready to proceed. But what a queer thing is the ice boat! Both bow and stern are shaped alike and strongly ironed, the whole structure mounted on a pair of runners like a sleigh, so that it will run on the ice or in the water. The boat is provided with oars, pikes, hooks, and little flags on poles, which are pointed so that they may be fixed upright, in the ice. There are five boatmen; where there is water they row with the oars, where there is floating ice they push away the cakes with the pikes and pull the boat along with the hooks. Arriving at a field of solid ice they give the boat all the speed possible, and the front runners lift up on the edge, when the man in the bow springs out and pulls the boat up with a short rope. Now we all get out, and walk by the side, taking care to keep one hand on the gunwale so that should our footing give way suddenly we may spring into the boat; meantime the steersman sets up one of the flags at the place where we land on the stationary ice to mark the route on the return. We now trudge along until we reach the open water again, and thus we cross the river Maese.

Our friends point out the road, and we cross what appears to be an island, on foot; reaching the water again it is comparatively free from ice, the more singular as that we have just left is choked and piled with masses in some places as high as twenty or thirty feet. Procuring a lunch at the ferry house, William and myself taste black rye bread for the first time. We are a little curious about the bread, as it is destined to be our principal diet; it is very coarse, but when new is quite palatable. We have traveled about six miles from Brielle, where all the people speak French, and here they speak nothing but Dutch. We are at the mercy of any sharpers who may choose to overcharge us. How very strange this matter of language. A dog or a horse from England could probably communicate its thoughts to a dog or a horse in Holland, yet man, the nobler creation, through a long series of errors, has lost the universal language, and cannot thus communicate with his fellow man.

We cross the ferry to Maaslyns where, after some difficulty, we hire a cab to Schiedam, a distance of ten miles.

We travel along a road thrown up a height of eight or ten feet above the surrounding country. It is very narrow, but straight, and prettily lined with a row of trees on each side.

Arriving at Schiedam the driver stops, and with words and signs asks where he shall put us down. William, after trying in vain to tell him with words, leaps from the carriage and with signs makes him understand that we wish to go to the railway station, to the great amusement of the bystanders.

In Germany, Holland or Denmark, a cab-man or boat-man expects to receive a gratuity, besides the customary fare.

Arriving at the station, our driver asks a gratuity, and it is some time before we comprehend the situation, as we paid the stipulated price in advance. This difficulty being disposed of, we turn our attention to securing tickets for Rotterdam by the evening train.

The man at the booking office not understanding English, the telegraph operator of the station comes to our assistance, in the kindest manner, notwithstanding the fact that we take third class tickets and are evidently poor. Arriving at Rotterdam we find that the Hamburg train does not start till 7 a. m.

to-morrow, so we put up at a humble hotel, kept by a German named Bowen, whose sister is the mistress of the house. They speak a little English, and inquire if we are sailors, to which we reply in the negative. They can scarcely make us out; but do not oppress us with questions. We are kindly treated, and in the morning our worthy host accompanies us to the station and secures tickets as far as Oberhausen, taking care that we are not cheated, for we have English money only and are liable to loose more or less at every deal.

Feeling grateful to Bowen we shake his hand, are off, for the last bell is ringing and the shrill sharp locomotive whistle is piercing the frosty air.

We reach Oberhausen at 2 p.m., where the language changes from Dutch to German. Here, owing to the sharp frost, or some other cause, the train is detained nine weary hours. The third class waiting room of the station is large and cold, and cheerless in the extreme. We have not money to make ourselves comfortable at a hotel, so we wear away the tedious hours at the station. We procure a cup of coffee and a rusk, at a coffee house, and are off at 11 p. m. tired, hungry, cold and sleepy. After a continuous ride of fifteen hours, we reach Harburg, half stupified with cold and hunger, and the miserable tobacco smoke with which the cars are reeking.

A brisk walk to the omnibus station revives us. We cross the Elbe to Hamburg on the ice, we hire a horse and sleigh to carry us to the railway station at Altona. Here procuring some tea and crackers at the *Buffet* (the refreshment department of the station) we warm our stiffened limbs by the huge porcelain stove, which sends a generous glow through the apartment. 4 p. m. taking tickets for Flensburg we are on the way again, but soon come to a dead halt. John P. R., who can occasionally find a man here who understands Danish, soon learns that one of the wheels of the tender, or fuel car, has broken down, owing, it is thought, to the frost in the cast-iron. After waiting some time the passengers all spring out and walk on to the next station, following the rails in the darkness, for in this latitude, in the winter time, the night begins early. Telegraphic despatches are sent each way to other stations acquainting them with the nature of the accident.

After waiting some three hours, having procured another fuel car, the train comes up, and we start on again, but the cold increases and the dreadful tobacco smoke is thicker than ever, not indeed the fragrant Havanah, but the dank, half rotten weed, the product of the moist cool soil of northern Europe.

The frost is thick on the glass of the car window, and to open the casement one half an inch for a gasp of the pure cold air without, will bring down the indignation of the entire company of passengers, who know nothing of the science of ventilation. Let us hastily glance around at our fellow travelers. They are stout specimens of the peasant farmer, many of them have a kind of fur sack which they draw on over their feet and legs; they wear large fur caps which almost conceal their features, and heavy overcoats of thick homespun fabric. They have been to Hamburg to sell cattle. They all have enormous pipes, which seem to require unrelenting attention. Let us describe one of these peculiar institutions. The bowl is of beech wood divided into two compartments, the one above, the other below; that above is the bowl proper, and is lined with tin, besides there is a covering of wire gauze. The lower part is simply designed to receive a nauseous liquid which is distilled from the bowl, and turns off with a screw that it may be emptied. The stem is generally about one foot in length, sometimes three feet.

We arrived at Rensborg at 11 p. m. and obtained lodging for the night and are off again at 7 a. m. next morning. Reaching Flensburg, the railway terminus, we take passage in a sort of traveling omnibus, we soon change for a hack, and traveling all

night reach Kolding, the boundary town of Denmark proper. Here we hire a sleigh to convey us to the crossing of the Little Belt. We pass near the ruins of Kolding castle.

We cross the Little Belt in an ice boat. Our means being scanty we seek some other and cheaper conveyance, than the mail stage, which is here called the *Diligence*, this we found in the day wagon, which has no cover and travels slow.

At Odense we stop a few hours for rest and refreshment, when we continue on to Nyborg, where we cross the Great Belt in a small, but strongly built, iron steamer. Awaiting her departure until the morning, we take deck passage and are soon cleaving the thin ice on the surface of the water. We soon near the island of Zealand, to which we have looked forward with so much anxiety. Landing from the ship by an ice boat, at a point some three miles from Korsøer, the usual port, we shoulder our luggage and trudge off bravely for the station. But why does John P. R. lag behind? He, the strongest of the party, is evidently weary, his footstep is unsteady and his eyes wander. The long fasts, night traveling and biting cold are surely telling upon him; but courage, John P. R., we have reached the island of Zealand, and will arrive at Copenhagen by to-night's train. Taking a little refreshment at a coffee house we secure our tickets, and finding there is a little money to spare, we return and order another cup of coffee. We are again among honest smokers, as the train whirls along, but the annoyance is almost unheeded, for our thoughts are turned towards our Heavenly Father who has preserved us while among strangers, whose language we could not speak.

The metropolis at last. The blinding gaslight of the station flashes in our eyes, we see the thronging crowd and hear the rushing vehicles. We take a cab for Lorentzensgade No. 14, the watchman unlocks the street door.

Staggering up the stairs, we ring the door bell. It is near midnight, but the summons is answered, and we are ushered into a commodious office. An opposite door opens and two men enter with "Mormon" faces. They are President Van Cott and Elder Liljenquist. "Ah! I dreamed you were coming," says the former, shaking hands; "three elders from home, two tall, the other shorter." "Welcome to Denmark," shouts Elder Liljenquist.

J. N. S.

HOW TO KNOW A GOOSE.—"Mother, mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son?" asked the rook.

"O, white creatures! screaming and running, and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother! there they go!"

"Geese, my son, merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. "Through life, child, observe, that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once for a goose."

The mower whistles o'er his toll,
The emerald grass must yield;
The scythe is out, the swath is down,
There's incense in the field.
O how I love to calmly muse
In such an hour as this;
To muse the joy creation gives
In purity and bliss.

SLANDERS issuing from beautiful lips are like spiders crawling from a rose.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

NOT long since we overheard two little boys talking to their Grandmother about the stories they had read in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The younger boy had read the story of Joseph, the son of Jacob, who was sold into Egypt by his brethren. This story had made a deep impression upon him, and he related it with great interest. We listened to him with much pleasure, for it gratified us to think that so small a boy knew so much as he did about the life of this famous and good man. Not an incident connected with his career had escaped him. We hope that the impression which the reading of the story had made upon him will be a lasting one, and that he will be as true to his God, and as virtuous as Joseph was.

The juveniles in our country need instruction. They can not grow up to be useful and respected men and women without it. Childhood and youth are the most appropriate seasons for the foundation of knowledge to be laid in the mind. Children are not burdened with care, and impressions made upon them, are vivid and durable. The object in publishing the INSTRUCTOR is to impart to the children and youths of our church the knowledge which they need to make them well-informed and steadfast in the principles of virtue and truth. We feel confident that it will accomplish this mission, if it is carefully read by those for whom it is published. The boys and girls who take pains to understand and remember what they read in its columns, will obtain an amount of information that will be of great benefit to them in years to come; but those who are careless, and take no pains to store away in the memory what they read, will find themselves deficient.

Children, if you pour water on sand, it disappears: the water is apparently lost. Now, the minds of persons who are indifferent are very like sand; they may read, and information may be poured into their minds; but what they read and what they hear disappears and there is nothing left. It is a great loss of time to read in that manner. We hope our JUVENILES will carefully and thoughtfully read all that is written for them. Ponder upon these things, and also pray to the Lord to help you remember them, that you may grow up to be useful and faithful members of the church of Christ.

AN old writer said, that "levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous." This is a broad assertion; but he who made it is not far from the truth. Levity of behavior is an evil against which our young people, especially our girls, should guard. There is scarcely a grace, which a girl can possess, that sits so charmingly upon her as modesty. A modest reserve is an excellent defence against the approach of impurity. Ease of manner is very desirable; but, to possess it, a girl need not be a romp. A rude, free manner is an evidence of vulgarity. With strangers particularly should the young ladies of our people be reserved. A freedom of manners that might pass among ourselves without remark, would if extended to strangers, be very improper. A very popular and talented

poet once wrote a sentiment respecting young ladies in the world, which we sincerely hope can never, with any truth, be said of the maidens of Zion. Said he:

"Maidens, like moths, are caught by glare,
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair."

When we see the girls of this community throwing aside reserve and mingling freely with strangers we think of the poet's words. We ask ourself is it possible that the daughters of Zion will forget their parentage and all the teachings of their childhood and youth and, like moths, be caught by glare? Can they be won by mammon? It is easy to perceive what their fate will be if they take this course. Who among this people that has taken this course has prospered? When young ladies cease to be reserved, and indulge in levity of behavior, they throw down those barriers which are their chief safeguards. They stand on slippery ground, and readily fall a prey to the deceiver. They may pass for awhile in society; but they do not wear. They lose that freshness and delicacy of manners which are the chief charms of womanhood. Not so with the modest. They may not shine to so great an advantage in the eyes of some persons; but they will grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day.

These remarks are not only true in regard to young ladies; they apply to the boys and young men of our people. The reserved and modest boys are in a much better position to escape the temptations to which youth are exposed than those who are very free and forward in their manners. And when young men are sent abroad on missions they find that modest, reserved manners save them from many a difficulty. We desire to urge upon our JUVENILES, both boys and girls, the importance of being modest, prudent and reserved in their intercourse with one another and with strangers. By cultivating good manners at home, they will sit easy upon you and be natural to you in society away from home.

TO OUR AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS we wish to state that there may be some little delay in the publication of number 18 through the probable non-arrival of our paper at the time it was expected. The paper makers, not having the quality and size on hand, had to manufacture it. This, and the delay in getting freight to the Rail Road terminus, will prevent us from issuing the next number punctually at the date.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

INSERTED IN NUMBER 15, NOW RE-INSERTED WITH THEIR ANSWERS.

1. In what river was Moses hid by his mother in an ark of bulrushes?
In the river Nile.
 2. What was Abraham's father's name?
TERAH. Genesis xi chap., 29 verse.
 3. Who was hanged on a scaffold fifty cubits high in the days of Ahasuerus?
HAMAN. Esther vii chap., 10—12 verses.
 4. Who said that a wise son maketh a glad father?
SOLOMON. Proverbs x chap., 1 verse.
 5. Upon what mountain did Noah's ark rest when the flood subsided?
ARARAT. Genesis viii chap., 4 verse.
 6. Who was the first murderer?
CAIN. Genesis iv chap., 8 verse.
 7. Upon what island did John the Revelator write the Revelations?
PATMOS. Revelations i chap., verse 9.
 8. What became of Lot's wife?
She was turned to a pillar of salt. Genesis xix, 26 verse.
- The above were correctly answered by J. R. McGaw.

CATECHISM FOR OUR JUVENILES.

81. What was sworn by one of the mobbers who started to Independence to raise an army sufficient to meet Joseph and the Camp of Zion?

82. What happened to him immediately after?

83. How were the brethren in the Camp prevented from meeting their brethren in Clay county on the day they desired to do so? And where did they camp?

84. What followed that evening?

85. How did many of the mob feel, and what did they do?

86. What occurred in the Camp on the 21st and night of the 24th of June, in fulfillment of prophecy?

87. How many suffered, and how many died from the visitation?

88. What did Joseph counsel the brethren of the Camp to do, after he received a revelation on Fishing river?

89. Where did he afterwards meet a considerable number of the Camp?

90. What did he then tell them? And what was the result?

Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT X.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

IN my last visit we left Elder R., mamma, Mary and Ellen in the parlor, after the conversation with papa. The kind, fatherly spirit of Elder R. had quite won the affections of Mary and Ellen, and they felt as free with him as if he had been an old friend. Little Ellen climbed upon his knee, and asked him how many little girls he had at home. "I have three," replied Elder R.

"Are they not sorry you are so far away from them?" asked little Ellen.

"Yes, my child," replied Elder R.; "but they know papa has gone on a mission, and they look forward with joy to my return; night and morning they ask God, our eternal Father, to bless and protect their absent papa on his mission, and send him safe home to them."

"How are they provided for in your absence, sir," asked mamma.

"The Lord provides, Madam," said Elder R. "I do not mean by any supernatural means. Let me explain. If we could understand all things rightly in connection with this matter, we should see that it is by the power and wisdom of God that we are all sustained, every one according to his faith and energy. It is true man has his agency, and has good and evil set before him, with power to choose which he will. This is called a 'state of probation' in which the lessons of good and evil are learned, and the providences of God are made manifest to those who seek him. It is true we are surrounded by fascinating temptations to allure us from the paths of virtue and of truth—riches, luxuries, fashions, novelties, vanities, false principles, false appetites, created wants and speculations are strewn in our path, which lead to pride, laziness, arrogance, oppression of the hireling, contempt of the poor, a false sensibility and an assumed refinement, and prevent us from having any interest in the ways of God or of striving to do his will.

"In the church organization there are bishops, noble men who are the fathers of the people, and whose business it is to

see that no one suffers of hunger in their wards; they are the friends, brothers and counsellors of the people, and the Bishop of my ward would see that my family did not suffer. Thus you see, my dear madam, I am relieved from all anxiety concerning the dear ones at home. Our Heavenly Father will raise up friends for them as well as provide for me. The gospel has to be preached, Zion built up and beautified and a people prepared for the coming of the Son of man; but I shall weary you with my preaching."

"Ah! no sir," replied mamma, "I am delighted with your conversation, I have sought the Lord from my youth, and I feel he has sent you with good tidings."

"I had promised myself the pleasure of visiting the Zoological Gardens," said Elder R., "and if you will allow me, I will take your little girls. It will be a source of amusement and instruction."

"Certainly," answered mamma, "it will be a treat for them."

The girls were highly delighted at the prospect of enjoying a visit to the gardens and hastened to put on their things.

The Zoological Gardens were situated at the suburbs of the town, and consisted of a fine collection of beasts, birds and fishes. It was quite a pleasant day for a walk, and Elder R. and the girls set out on their visit.

Mary and Ellen were in excellent spirits, and chatted with Elder R. who seemed to them an old and valued friend. They showed him where they went to school; the gay toys, the pretty pictures, the fine dresses, silks and lawns that the large glass plate front windows were 'dressed' with also attracted their attention. The horses and carriages that lined the streets, and the man with a "grinding organ" and a monkey dressed in a little red jacket and cap that danced to the music of the organ and begged for pennies, all came in for a share of attention. At length they arrived at the gardens, which were surrounded by a very high and thick quickset hedge which prevented every thing inside from being seen from the outside. They passed through the iron gates into well laid out walks and plots of beautiful flowers cut in fantastic shapes—circles, half moons, and other fancy shapes—these were surrounded by a very nicely cut grass plat. The hum of the busy bee as it roved from flower to flower gathering the honey, the gaudy butterfly, and the active insects all was life and activity; there were cages of birds to which we will refer hereafter and the melody of their song arose upon the air and added joy and beauty to the scene. No one was allowed to gather the flowers, but there they bloomed to please the eye, gladden the heart and give enjoyment to the visitors. In my next 'visit' I will give you a description of the animals, &c., and Mary and Ellen's ride upon the elephant.

To be Continued.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

HISTORY OF JESUS

CHAPTER III.

JESUS loved little children: He often took them in his arms and blessed them, and he was heard to say "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and he told the people that if they wanted to please God, and become members of His kingdom, they must be like little children. He meant good children—those that obeyed their parents and teachers, and did not use bad language nor tell falsehoods.

He taught the people that they should not be proud and haughty, and should not boast of what they did, and should not be idle; but they should be good and kind, and always be doing something that was useful. Although Jesus was the Son of God, he visited the poor and the humble and spoke words of

comfort to them, and told all the people who would listen to him, what they must do to be saved from the evils of this world, and hereafter be exalted to mansions of happiness, glory and everlasting life. But many of the people in those days were wicked and loved wickedness, and many times when Jesus was trying to instruct and do them good, they would seek to kill him.

At one time, in the city of Nazareth where Jesus had lived, he was teaching the people in a house of worship, which by the Jews was called a synagogue; when a great many evil disposed persons joined together to contrive how they might destroy him, because he told them to forsake their sins and do right. They hated him whenever he reproved them for iniquity, just as wicked people do men of God in the present day: and they thrust him out of the synagogue and drove him out of the city to the top of the hill on which the city was built, intending to cast him down headlong, but the angels of God were around to guard and assist him, and he passed through the midst of the people and made his escape, and they had no power to hurt him.

Thus Jesus went from place to place, and when they persecuted him in one city he went to another; and he performed many miracles, in healing the sick and in rebuking and casting out evil spirits that had entered into people and were afflicting them. Sometimes the evil spirits would speak; for instance, when he was teaching in a synagogue in the city of Capernaum, there was a man possessed of an evil spirit, and it called out and said, "Let me alone; what have I to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy me? I know thee, who thou art, the holy One of God." And Jesus commanded it to hold its peace and come out of the man; and the evil spirit cried with a loud voice and departed. And the people that saw it were very much astonished. After this Jesus went into a house where a woman was lying sick of a fever, and he took her by the hand and rebuked the disease and it left her immediately, and she arose from her bed and administered to the comfort of those present. Then they brought many to him, that were sick of various diseases, and he laid his hands upon their heads and rebuked the diseases, and all were healed. And great multitudes flocked around him so that he had to rise very early in the morning to withdraw to quiet and solitary places to pray. Perhaps some might think that a man like Jesus, who could perform such great miracles would have no need for prayer, but he was a praying man, and was very careful to do the will of his Father in all things. What a lovely example for us to follow!

Jesus chose twelve Apostles from among those who believed on him—they were men whom he had called from their various occupations; several of them were fishermen—none were learned men, for those who thought themselves wise according to the wisdom of this world, would not receive the pure and simple doctrine that Jesus taught, and did not believe in him, for their hearts were not honest.

When Jesus had ordained the twelve Apostles he sent them forth to preach, and told them to go without purse and scrip; and he gave them power to do miracles, and told them to heal the sick, and cast out devils and raise the dead, wherever they found people that had faith to receive such blessings. And they went forth two and two, into the country of Judea, and wherever they went they preached saying, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

E. R. S.

ATTENDING TO BUSINESS.—An Irishman was laughed at for sleeping so soundly. "When I slape, sir," he replied, "I attend to my business." He was right. That is the way to do all things. Do them well if you undertake to do them at all.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

SURNAMES.

SURNAME is a name added to the first or Christian name, to indicate the family to which the individual bearing it belongs. Names were originally significant, but after a long time the meaning of many of them has become quite obscure. In early ages of the world they had only one name for each individual; as, Adam, Abraham, Moses. Modern nations have adopted various methods of distinguishing families.

The Highlanders of Scotland employed the word *Mac* (son), hence, we have the McDonalds and McGregors, which mean the sons of Donald and the sons of Gregor.

The Irish had the prefix *Oy* or *O'*, signifying grandson; as, O'Harah, O'Connor. The Irish also use the word *Mac* as the Highlanders do.

The Old Normans had the word *Fitz* prefixed to their names, as, Fitz Williams, Fitz Morris. The Russians apply the termination—*witz*, and the Poles—*sky*, in the same sense; as, Peter Paulowitz; Peter, the son of Paul; James Petrosky; James, the son of Peter.

In Wales, until a late period, no surnames were used, except *ap* (son); as, Evan ap Griffith, ap David, ap Jenkin. To ridicule this nomenclature some wit describes cheese as being:

"Adam's own cousin-german by its birth,
Ap curds, ap milk, ap grass, ap earth."

The ancient Britons, generally, used one name, but sometimes, though very seldom, they added another, as: Uther Pendragon, Caswallon Law Hir.

The Saxons used the termination *ing*, signifying offspring; as, Dearing, Browning, Whiting; meaning, dear, dark, white or fair offspring. This termination was commonly added to the father's name; as, Ceowald Cuthing; Ceowald, the son of Cuthing. In the twelfth century, it was considered a mark of disgrace to be without a surname. A distinguished lady is represented as saying in respect to her suitor, who had but one name,

"It were to me a great shame
To have a lord withouten his twa-names."

We have many surnames introduced from Normandy, known by the the French prefix *De*, *Du*, *Des*, *De la*, *St*; as, De Mortimer, St Maure (Seymour). Other names have been introduced from foreign countries; as, French, from France; Dane or Denis from Denmark; Gale or Gael from Scotland; Wales, Wallis or Walsh from Wales. We have also many surnames derived from occupation, office, mental qualities, natural objects, social relations, and from other miscellaneous sources; as, Smith, Thatcher, Carpenter, Earl, Knight, Squire, Gentleman, Strong, Blythe, Myrtle, Clay, Master, Child. Sometimes the English adopt a whole sentence as a name; as, Golightly, Gotobet, Rushout.

D.

A MOUSE MILL.

"**A** MOUSE mill! What is that?" Something new under the sun. In fact, this is a new age, and so many new and strange things are happening that people are beginning to say, "Oh, I'm not surprised at anything!" Mice do very well to nibble cheese, you say; but as for a mouse mill, you can't make out what it means.

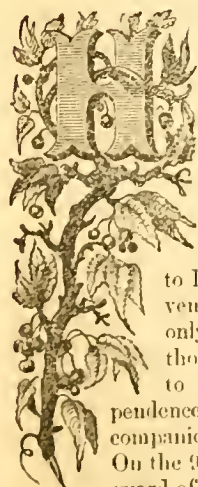
We thought as much, and so we will tell you the story about a mouse mill as we have found it. A man in Scotland has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery to enable them to spin yarn. The work is done on the principle of the tread mill, and a common house-mouse is enabled to twist and reel

from one hundred to one hundred and twenty threads per day. To complete this the little fellow has to run ten miles and a half. This journey it makes every day with ease. An ordinary mouse weighs half an ounce. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal, at one shilling and threepence a peck, serves one of these prisoners for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes one hundred and ten threads a day, being an average of three thousand eight hundred and fifty threads of fifty-five inches, which is nearly nine lengths of the reel. A penny is paid to women for every cut in the ordinary way. At this rate a mouse earns ninepence every five weeks, which is one farthing per day, or seven shillings and sixpence a year. Take sixpence off for board, and a shilling for machinery, and there will remain six shillings of clear profit from every mouse yearly. This mouse employer is going, it is said, to lease a house large enough to hold ten thousand of these mouse mills; and the yearly profit he expects to make from their work in twisting and reeling is from ten to twelve thousand dollars. His single mouse mill is no doubt a very pretty and curious affair; but as to the ten thousand mouse mills, and the ten thousand dollars of profit that is another affair.

The mouse is a bright, active little fellow, though no favorite in our houses. The rapidity with which it can make a nest is surprising. It was mentioned in a paper some time ago, that in a farmer's house, a loaf of newly baked bread was placed upon a shelf, according to custom. Next day a hole was seen in the loaf, and when it was cut open a mouse and her nest were discovered inside, the nest having been made of paper. On examination the paper was found to have been obtained from a copy book, which had been torn into shreds and arranged into the form of a nest. Within this curious home were nine young mice. Thus, in the space of thirty-eight hours at the most, the loaf must have cooled, the interior been nibbled out, the copy book found and cut into suitable pieces, the nest made and the young brought into the world.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



HAVING related the events which happened at Far West after Joseph and the brethren who were with him had been carried prisoners to Independence, Jackson county, we now return to Joseph again. We left him a prisoner in Independence. He and his fellow prisoners had only been there a few days when Colonel Sterling G. Price arrived from the army of General Clark with orders to have them taken forthwith to Richmond, Ray county. On the 8th of November, 1838, they started with three guards only. These were all who could be raised, though an entire day had been spent in trying to obtain them. Shortly after leaving Independence the guards got drunk, and Joseph and his companions took possession of their arms and horses. On the 9th they were met by Colonel Price with a guard of about seventy-four men, and were conducted by them to Richmond. There they were thrust into an old vacant house and strictly guarded. General Clark called upon

them; but could not tell them, in reply to their inquiries, what were the charges against them or why they had been carried from their homes as prisoners. After he withdrew Colonel Price came in with two chains and a number of padlocks. He was accompanied by ten armed men, who, while they remained, stood with their thumbs on the hammers of their guns, ready to shoot the prisoners if they should resist. Price first had the windows nailed down; then, after fastening together the two chains he had brought with him, he ordered one of the men to chain the brethren together and lock the chain round each of their ankles with the padlocks.

There were seven of them thus chained like so many wild beasts; and what for? Was it for any crimes or wrongs they had committed? Their offences consisted in testifying to the truth. God had spoken from the heavens. He had sent His angels to minister unto men. He had restored the holy priesthood and had revealed the principles and ordinances of the gospel once more to man upon the earth. Joseph and his brethren had declared these things, and had sought to do the Lord's will. They could not be truthfully accused of doing more than this. But with these vile men who persecuted the Saints in Missouri, to bear witness to these truths was worse than to steal and murder. They chained and imprisoned, and would—if God had permitted—have killed the servants of God for such testimonies.

At night Joseph and his companions were all stretched on their backs in a row on the floor. This was the position in which they were compelled to repose. They tried to sleep; but the hard boards, the cold, the difficulty in turning over and the noise of the guards, kept them awake. Brother Parley P. Pratt relates, in a very interesting manner, a circumstance which occurred one night while they were thus confined. He was one of the prisoners with Joseph.

"In one of these tedious nights," said he, "we had lain as if in sleep, till the hour of midnight had passed, and our ears and hearts had been pained, while we had listened for hours to the obscene jests, the horrid oaths, the dreadful blasphemies and filthy language of our guards, Col. Price at their head, as they recounted to each other their deeds of rapine, murder, robbery, etc., which they had committed among the 'Mormons,' while at Far West and vicinity. They even boasted of defiling by force, wives, daughters, and virgins, and of shooting or dashing out the brains of men, women and children.

"I had listened till I became so disgusted, shocked, horrified, and so filled with the spirit of indignant justice, that I could scarcely refrain from rising upon my feet and rebuking the guards, but had said nothing to Joseph, or any one else, although I lay next to him and knew he was awake. On a sudden he arose to his feet, and spoke in a voice of thunder, or as the roaring lion, uttering as near as I can recollect, the following words:

"Silence,—Ye fiends of the infernal pit. In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still; I will not live another minute, and hear such language, cease such talk, or you or I die this minute."

"He ceased to speak. He stood erect in terrible majesty. Chained, and without a weapon,—calm, unruffled and dignified as an angel, he looked down upon the quivering guards, whose knees smote together, and who, shrinking into a corner, or crouching at his feet, begged his pardon, and remained quiet until exchange of guards.

"I have seen the ministers of justice, clothed in magisterial robes, and criminals arraigned before them, while life was suspended upon a breath, in the courts of England; I have witnessed a congress in solemn session to give laws to nations; I have tried to conceive of kings, of royal courts, of thrones and crowns; and of emperors assembled to decide the fate of kingdoms, but dignity and majesty have I seen but once, as it stood in chains, at midnight, in a dungeon, in an obscure village of Missouri."

General Clark spent most of his time for a few days, after Joseph and his companions' arrival at Richmond, in searching the laws. He wanted to find authority for trying them by court martial. He professed to be a lawyer; but this proceeding showed how little he knew about law. Many boys of twelve years of age know that ministers of the gospel cannot be tried legally by a court martial. Court martials are for the trial of military and naval men and the punishment of military and naval offences. Joseph was not a military man; he had not been guilty of a military offence. But Clark wrote to Governor Boggs and suggested the propriety of trying Joseph and the other brethren, who were prisoners, by a court martial for mutiny. He added, however, that it being doubtful whether a court martial had the authority to try them, he wished the Governor to forward the opinion of the attorney general of the state on the subject. He finished his letter by saying that Joseph and the others had committed *treason, murder, arson, burglary, robbery, larceny and perjury*.

If Clark could have tried Joseph and his companions by court martial he would have been delighted. He wanted to have them shot. A court martial, he thought, would give him the authority to shoot them. Brother Jedediah M. Grant, then a young man, happened to put up at the same tavern with General Clark at Richmond. He saw Clark make choice of his men to shoot Joseph and his fellow-prisoners on Monday, November 12th. He also saw the men who were selected make choice of their rifles, and load them with two bullets each. General Clark then saluted them, and said: "*Gentlemen, you shall have the honor of shooting the Mormon leaders on Monday morning at 8 o'clock.*"

But his wishes could not be gratified. He saw that he could not accomplish the shooting, so he concluded to turn them over to the civil authorities for trial. On Tuesday, November 12th, 1838, they were brought before Judge Austin A. King. Thomas C. Burch was the attorney for the State. Both King and Burch had been on the court martial at Far West when Joseph and the brethren who were with him had been sentenced to be shot. A little reflection will show you, children, how very unfit they were to have anything to do with the trial of Joseph.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 31, 1867.

My Dear Celestia and Eugenia,

I CANNOT express the pleasure I felt when I received your nice, kind letters. I am sorry I could not have replied but I trust your goodness will pardon me the delay. I am much pleased to hear that you and your associates are progressing in your studies. There is a great deal to be learned to prepare you to become wise and accomplished men and women. You are some of the daughters of Zion, and one of the ancient prophets said that the daughters of Zion were to become like polished stones, and you know that *polished* stones are worth more, and are much more beautiful than *rough* ones. You are greatly blest in having a father and mother who are anxious to have their children improve, and become, not only useful men and women, but also ornaments in society. Pretty behavior is more ornamental to a young lady, than rich clothes, and those who are careful to behave politely and genteely at home with their parents and brothers and sisters, need not have any fears but what they will conduct themselves properly abroad, and in the presence of strangers. It is just as easy to be polite and genteel, as it is to be rude and unmannerly. It all has to be learned, and it is quite as easy to learn to do right as it is to learn to do wrong, if people and children would only take

thought so as to practice that which is most proper, and that which is most calculated to elevate and refine. But after children have established rough and improper habits, it is hard for them to change. Study to be polite and genteel in your behavior all the time, and with everybody, and do not neglect your manner of speaking. Some young girls never seem to think about the way they speak, and instead of cultivating a pleasing and agreeable manner, they huddle their words up together, and pay no more attention to the accent and sound of words, and of their voices than wild animals do. I think this is a great pity, for there is no greater ornament to a young lady, than to be "handsome spoken." It is what can in a good degree, be cultivated.

Please give my love to your dear mothers and sisters, and all of your aunts in your dear father's family. With love to you and all good little children.

E. R. S.

THE LITTLE BIRD ON THE GATE POST.

There's a dear little bird on the gate post,
Trilling a merry lay;
And its feathers are bright
With the red sunlight,
That beams from the opening day.

Its song is all of the spring time,
Now hastening over the hills,
With leaves for the bowers;
And fresh blooming flowers,
And laughter and song for the rills.

With grass on the hill-sides springing,
And blue for the clouded sky;
With buds for the trees,
And sweets for the bees,
And zephyrs wandering by.

This little brown bird on the gate-post,
O never a king on his throne,
With his power and might,
And his jewels so bright,
A happier heart may own.

Now he's finished his strain, and pluming
Each little brown shining wing,
He's off through the air,
To warble elsewhere
His beautiful song of the spring.

—Selected.

CHARADE.

BY J. H. PARRY.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 13, 3, 12, 8, is a man's name.
My 15, 2, 14, is worn by man and woman.
My 4, 7, 8, 12, 2, 7, is a Lamanite.
My 9, 10, 6, 14, is an animal.
My 10, 11, 5, is the opposite of young.
My whole is the title of some good pieces written for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

The answer to the Charade in number 15 is MANCHESTER. Correct replies were received from J. Tavey, J. Bull, jr., Annie M. Jarvis, O. F. Whitney and Seth Ollarton.

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